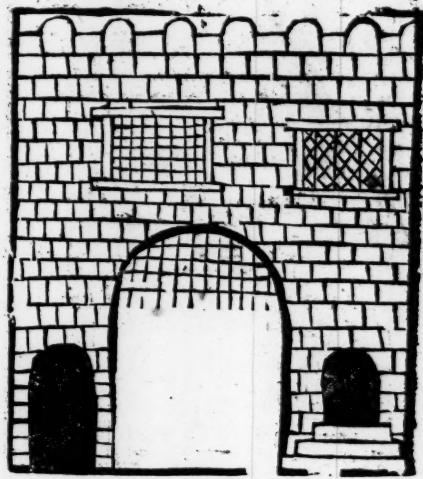


# A New Ballad of the Protestant Joyner.

Or of Colledges Lamentation,  
since his Condemnation.

Tune of *Tony, Or, How unhappy in love is Philander.*



[1]

The Protestant Joyner is carried  
To Oxford to take his degree,  
And there it is said will be married  
All under the Willow-green Tree.  
For since his Accomplishes faulter,  
Jack Ketch has provided a Halter  
For those that did blame us ;  
And went for to sham us :  
Will find that the Bill was not *Ignoramus.*

[2]

He's swell'd up with Treacherous Sedition,  
And now of Rebellion is sick,  
He wants the *Fore-man* his Physitian  
To find out some Pollitick trick,  
For he Good-man's in the Tower,  
And now lies beyond the power  
Of Whig, or of Shrieve,  
To give him Reprieve,  
Or Counfel him how himself to Retrieve.

[3]

May now all the Presbiter Faction  
Look sad at this *Colledges* fate,  
Who was Master of Arts in Transaction,  
To make *Tony* Head of the State :  
Since Libell's accounted witty,  
He published throughout the City,  
To blow up the fire  
Of Ambitious desire,  
For which in a Halter he's now like t' expire.

[4]

The Judges were kind to the Prisoner,  
And granted what e're he desired,  
He had Presbiter, Priest, and Tapster  
To speak what e're he Required :  
He had what e're he propounded,  
Yet was by the witnes confounded,  
For the Priest disappears,  
Through scoffs, and through jeares,  
• shrunk out of the Court like a Rat without ears.

[5]

Twelve men of the best of the County  
Were chosen to bring in the Fact,  
They scorn'd a Reward or a Bounty,  
Since for God and King *Charles* they did Act,  
They brought him in guilty of Treason,  
For which all the Judges snew'd reason,  
Then after being Cast,  
His Sentence was past,  
For the Halter's the first, & the Fire the last.

[6]

He now does begin to repent him,  
And wishes he'd ne'r been a Fool,  
But made use of the Talent was lent him,  
Not work'd with so dangerous a tool :  
So wretched a Sott ne'r man saw,  
He's cut to Death with his Hand-Saw,  
This, this is the fate,  
When fools to be great,  
will venture their lives to be Members of State

[7]

This Rascal who lived well in *London*  
And could not be Planeing at home,  
But is by his foolery undone,  
And to Execution must come :  
He thought to have been Head of the *Colledg,*  
But that was beyond his knowledge,  
Thus fools who aspire,  
Will fall in the Mire,  
And still 'do come short of what they desire.

[8]

God preserve Great *Charles* and his Council,  
And see that to Sentence they bring,  
All Traytors that do pronounce ill,  
Or talk of so Gracious a King :  
May they all by their Plot be confounded,  
Both Papist, Whigg, and Round-head,  
And bring them to a shame,  
Who speak ill of his name,  
for he's our King that the world does proclaim